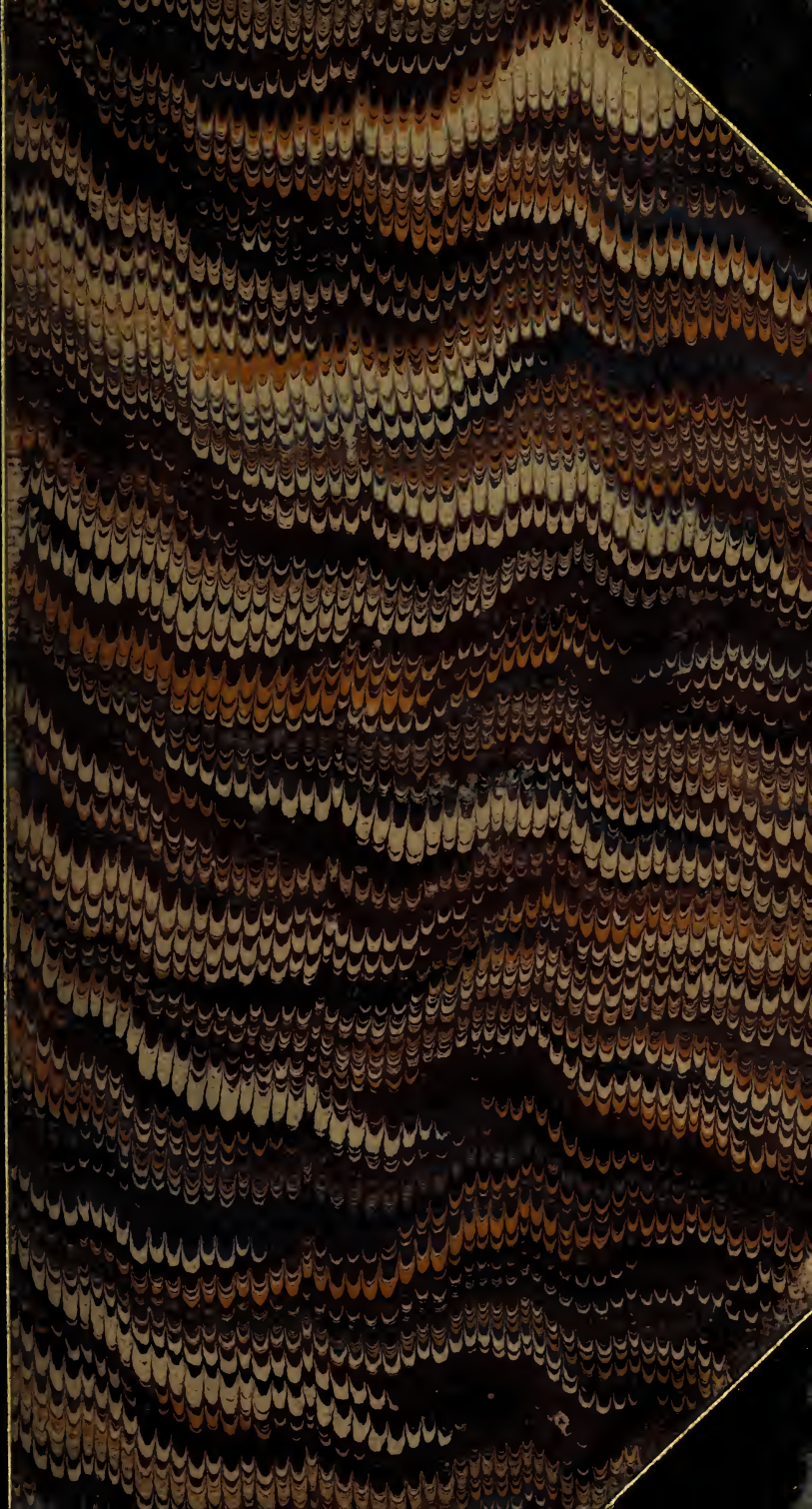




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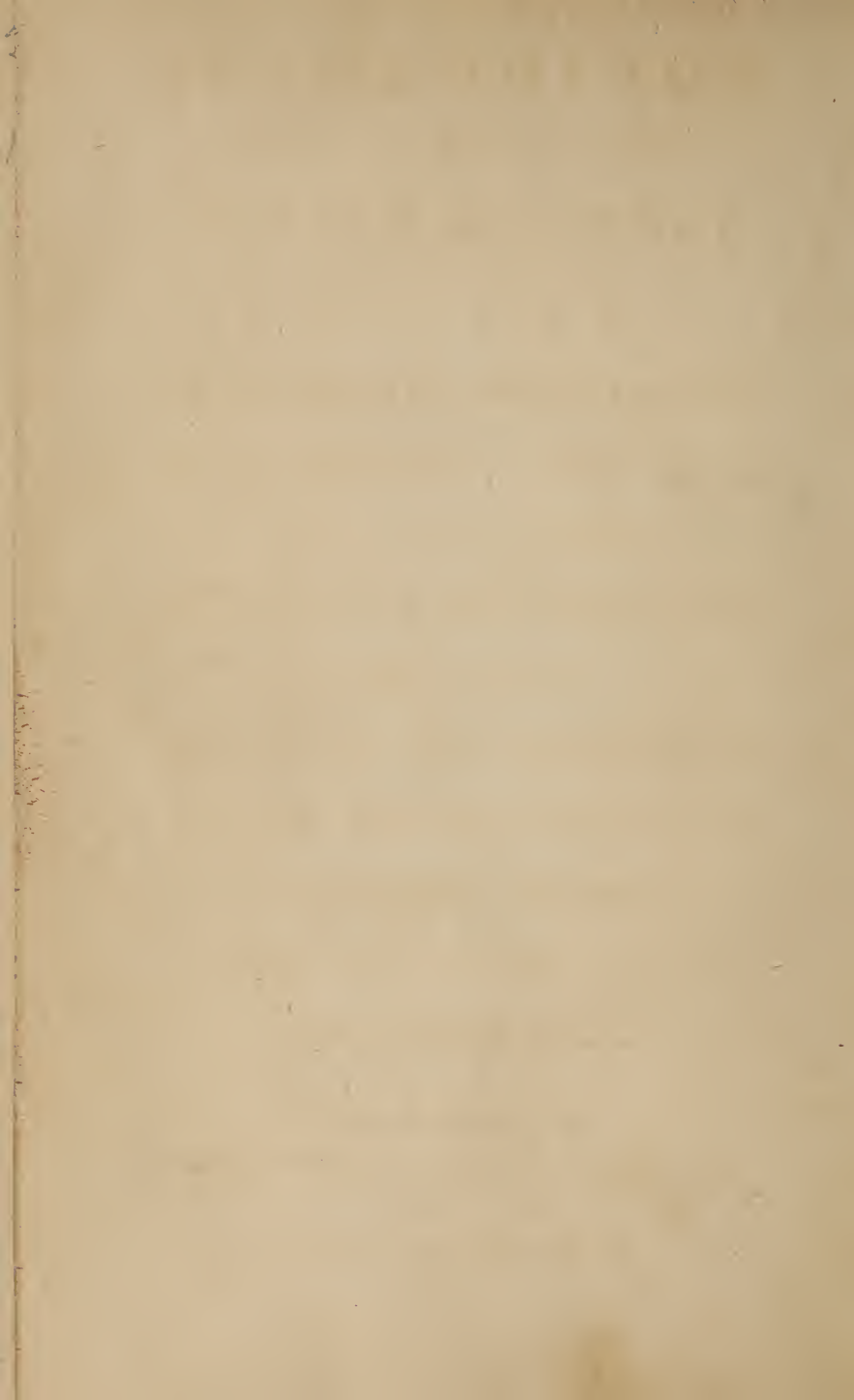
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C O R I O L A N U S ;

O R,

THE ROMAN MATRON.

A T R A G E D Y.

ALTERED FROM SHAKESPEARE.

PRINTED EXACTLY CONFORMABLE TO THE

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THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

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10
CORIOLANUS

THE ROMAN MATRON
DEATHS
A LADY

151,532

May, 1873

AT THE THEATRE
OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
ON THE
15TH OF MAY 1873
THE
ROMAN MATRON
DEATHS
A LADY
WILL BE PERFORMED
BY THE
ACTRESS
MISS
M. J. B. B. B.
AND
THE
COMPANY
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OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS,	Mr. KEMBLE
ATTIUS TULLUS AUFIDIUS,	Mr. WROUGHTON
MENENIUS AGRIPPA,	Mr. BADDELEY
COMINIUS, - -	Mr. AICKIN
SICINIUS VELUTUS,	Mr. BARRYMORE
JUNIUS BRUTUS, -	Mr. WHITFIELD
VOLUSIUS, - -	Mr. WILLIAMES
YOUNG MARCIUS,	Master GRIMALDI
ROMAN OFFICER,	Mr. PHILLIMORE
VOLACIAN OFFICER,	Mr. BENSON
	Mr. SUETT
CITIZENS,	Mr. BURTON
	Mr. FAWCETT
	Mr. JONES

W O M E N.

VOLUMNIA, -	Mrs. SIDDONS
VIRGILIA, -	Mrs. FARMER
VALERIA,	Mrs. WARD
GENTLEWOMAN,	Miss TIDSWELL

Roman and Volscian Senators, Licitors, Soldiers, Citizens, &c.

The SCENE is partly in Rome, and partly in the Territory of the Volscians.

C O R I O L A N U S;

O R,

THE ROMAN MATRON.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Street in Rome.*

A tumultuous Noise behind.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens.

I CITIZEN.

BEFORE we proceed any further, here we speak.

ALL. Speak, speak.

I CIT. You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

ALL. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

B

I CIT.

6 CORIOLANUS; Or,

1 CIT. First, you know, Caius Marcius is the chief enemy to the people.

ALL. We know't.

1 CIT. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

ALL. Let't be done; away, away!

2 CIT. One word, good citizens. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

1 CIT. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 CIT. Consider you what services he has done for his country.

1 CIT. Very well;—and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 CIT. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 CIT. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to please his mother, and partly to be proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 CIT. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you must in no way say he is covetous.

1 CIT. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. *(Shouts within.)*

What shouts are those? the other side o'th' city is risen! why stay we prating here? to th' Capitol—

ALL. Come, come.

Enter

Enter Caius Marcius and Menenius.

MAR. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues.

1 CIT. We have ever your good word.

MAR. He that will give good words to thee,
will flatter

Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye
curs,

That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to
you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;

Where foxes, geese. Hang ye—trust ye!

With every minute you do change a mind,

And call him noble, that was now your hate,

Him vile, that was your garland. What's the
matter,

That in the several places of the city,

You cry against the noble senate, who,

(Under the gods) keep you in awe, which else

Would feed on one another?—What's their
seeking?

MEX. For corn at their own rates, whereof, they
say,

The city is well stor'd.

MAR. Hang 'em: they say!——

They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know

{ What's done i'th' Capitol;
 { Making parties strong,
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's
 grain.

Enough! would the nobility lay aside
 Their ruth, and let me use my sword, I'd make
 A quarry of thousands of these quarter'd slaves,
 As high as I could pitch my lance.

MEN. I beseech you, What says the other troop?

MAR. They are dissolv'd
 They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth proverbs;
 That *hunger broke stone walls*——that *dogs must*
 eat——

With these shreds, *that meat was made for mouths*
That the God's sent not corn for the rich men only,
 They vented their complainings; which being
 answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one—
 To break the heart of generosity, and make bold
 pow'r look pale;

They threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the horns o'th' moon,
 Shouting their emulation.

MEN. What is granted them!

MAR. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wif-
 doms,

Of their own choice. One Junius Brutus,
 Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'s death!
 The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,

Ere

Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes,
For insurrection's arguing.

MEN. This is strange.

MAR. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Roman Officer.

OFFICER. Where's Caius Marcius?

MAR. Here——what is the matter?

OFFICER. The news Sir, is, the Volscians are in
arms.

MAR. I am glad on't, then we shall have means
to vent

Our musty superfluity.

Enter Cominius, Sicinius and Brutus.

COM. Martius, 'tis true what you have lately
told us,

The Volscians are in arms.

MAR. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't,
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wish me only him.

COM. You have fought together?

MAR. Were half to half the world by th' ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

MEN. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

COM. It is your former promise.

MAR.

10 CORIOLANUS; Or,

{ MAR. Sir, it is ;
 { And I am constant: thou
 Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.

MEN. O true bred!

COM. Your company to th' Capitol; where I
 know

Our greatest friends attend us.

MAR. Lead you on ;

MEN. Hence to your homes—be gone.

(To the Citizens.)

MAR. Nay, let them follow ;

The Volscians have much corn: take these rats
 thither,

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,
 Your valour puts well forth; I pray you follow.

[*Exeunt. Cominius, Marcius and Menenius,*

Citizens steal away.

SIC. Was ever man so proud
 As is this Marcius?

BRU. He has no equal.

SIC. When we were chosen tribunes of the people.

BRU. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

SIC. Nay, but his taunts.

BRU. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the
 Gods—

The present war devour him! he is grown
 Too proud of being so valiant.

SIC. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
 Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder
 His insolence can brook to be commanded,
 Under Cominius.

BRU.

BRU. Fame, at which he aims,
In which already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first ; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius ; oh, if *he*
Had borne the business——

SIC. And if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

BRU. Come ;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

SIC. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

BRU. Let's along.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

A Chamber in CAIUS MARCIUS's house in Rome.

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA,

VOL. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express your-
self in a more comfortable sort : if my son were my
husband, I would freely rejoice in that absence,
wherein he won honour. When yet he was but
tender-

tender-bodied, and my only son; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when for a day of kings entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek danger, where he was like to find fame: to a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy, at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

VIR. But had he died in the business, madam, how then?

VOL. Then his good report should have been my son. Hear me profess, sincerely: had I, a dozen sons, each in my my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

GENT. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

VIR. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

VOL. Indeed thou shalt not:

Methinks I hither hear your husband's drum:

I see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair:

Methinks

Methinks I see him stamp, thus—and call, thus—
Come on ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome ; his bloody brow
 With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
 Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow.
 Or all, or lose his hire.

VIR. His bloody brow ! oh Jupiter, no blood.

VOL. Away, you fool ; it more becomes a man,
 Than gilt his trophy. The breast of Hecuba,
 When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier,
 Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood,
 At Grecian swords contending ; tell Valeria
 We are fit to bid her welcome.

(Exit Gent.

VIR. Heav'ns bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

VOL. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
 And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria.

VAL. My ladies both, good day to you !
 You are manifest housekeepers !
 How does your little son ?

VIR. I thank your ladyship ; well, good madam.

VOL. He had rather see the swords, and hear a
 drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

VAL. O' my word, the father's son : I'll swear 'tis a
 very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd on him, o'
Wednesday, half an hour together—h'as such a con-
 firm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded
 butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again,
 and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and

up again, and caught it again ; and whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and did tear it, oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

VOL. One of father's moods.

VAL. Indeed la, tis a noble child.

VIR. A crack, madam.

VAL. Come, lay aside your saetness; I must have you play the idle hufwife with me, this afternoon.

VIR. No good madam, I will not out of doors.

VAL. Not out of doors !

VOL. She shall, she shall.

VIR. Indeed no, by your patience ; I'll not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

VAL. Fie, you confine yourself unreasonably : you would be another Penelope ; yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses's absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, come, you shall go with us.

VIR. No, good madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

VAL. In truth la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

VIR. Oh, good madam, there can be none yet.

VAL. Verily I do not jest with you.

VIR. Indeed, madam——

VAL. In earnest it's true; I heard a senator speak it, Thus it is—the Volscians have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli ; they, nothing doubt, prevailing, and to make it
brief

brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

VIR. Give me excuse, good madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter. [Exit.

VOL. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth, [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *a Wood.*

Trumpets sound a Retreat.

Enter Cominius, with Soldiers retreating.

COM. Breath you, my friends—well fought, we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stand,
Nor cowardly in retire.—Believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have
struck,

By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends—Ye Roman Gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own!

Enter a Roman Officer.

Thy news.

OFFI. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to the trenches driv'n,
And came in haste away,

COM. How long is't since?

OFFI. About an hour, my lord. Spies of the
Volci

Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,

16 C O R I O L A N U S ; Or,

Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's yonder

That does appear as he were flay'd? O Gods!

He has the stamp of Marcius.

Marcius without.

MAR. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Enter Marcius.

MAR. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

MAR. O, let me clip you
In arms as found, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedwards.

Com. Flower of Warriors!
How is't with Titus Lartius?

MAR. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches,
Where is he?

Roman

[Roman officer comes forward, Two soldiers go to seize him.]

MAR. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth—But for our gentlemen
The common file (a Plague! tribunes for them!)
The mouse, ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did
budge
From rascals worse than they.

COM. But how prevail'd you?

MAR. Will the time serve to tell! I do not
think—

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

COM. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

MAR. How lies their battle? Know you on
what side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

COM. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' th' Vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

MAR. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together,
{ That you directly
{ Lead me against Aufidius.

COM. Tho' I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never

Deny

18 C O R I O L A N U S ; Or,
Deny your asking ; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

MAR. Those are they,
That most are willing—if any such be here,
That love this painting
Wherein you see me snear'd ; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report ;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life ;
And that his country's dearer than himself ;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition

[*Soldiers shout and wave their swords,*
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces—come—follow Marcius !

[*Exeunt.*

Loud flourish.

Battle behind.

A retreat sounded.

Enter Marcius, Cominius, Roman Officer and Soldiers.

COM. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles.
Where the dull tribunes,
That with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts, *We thank the Gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier.

MAR, Pray now, no more : my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me : I have done

As

As you have done, that's what I can, induc'd
As you have been ; that's for my country.

COM. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know
{ The value of her own ;
{ Therefore, I beseech you.
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done) before our army hear me.

MAR. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart,
To hear themselves remembred.

COM. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death : of all the horses,
Whereof we've ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in the field atchiev'd. and city,
We render you the tenth. to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your own choice.

MAR. I thank you general :
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it.

[*A flourish,*
May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never found more ! when drums and trumpets
shall

I'th' field prove flatterers, let camps as cities
Be made of false-fac'd soothing.

[*Flourish.*
No more, I say ;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,

Or

Or foil'd some feeble wretch, which without note
 Here's many else have done; you shout me forth,
 In acclamations hyperbolical,
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted,
 In praises fauc'd with lies.

COM. Too modest are you :
 More cruel in your good report, than grateful
 To us, that give you truly : therefore be it known;
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland :
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
 Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition nobly
 ever! [Flourish.]

MAR. I will go wash :
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you.

COM. So, to our tent :
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success.

MAR. The Gods begin to mock me: I that but
 now
 Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
 Of my lord-general.

COM. Take't, 'tis yours : what is't?

MAR. I sometime lay here in Corioli,
 And at a poor man's house: he us'd me kindly.
 He cry'd to me: I saw him prisoner:
 But then Aufidius was within my view,
 And wrath o'er-whelm'd my pity: I request you
 To give my poor host freedom.

COM.

COM. O well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind : his name?

MAR. By Jupiter, forgot:
I'm weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd :
Have we no wine here ?

COM. Go we to our tent ;
The blood upon your visage dries ; 'tis time
It should be look'd to : come. [A march.
[Exeunt:

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *a Street in Rome.*

Enter Menenius, Sicinius and Brutus.

MEN. The Augur tells me we shall have news,
to-night.

BRU. Good or bad ?

MEN. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marcius.

SIC. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

MEN. Pray you, whom does the wolf love ?

SIC. The lamb.

MEN. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry ple-
beians would the noble Marcius. Tell me one
thing that I shall ask you.

BOTH. Well, Sir.

MEN. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

BRU. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

SIC. Especially in pride.

BRU. And topping all others in boast.

MEN. This is strange, now! do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o'th' right-hand file, do you?

BRU. Why—how are we censur'd?

MEN. Because you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

BOTH. Well, well, Sir, well.

MEN. You blame Marcius for being proud.

BRU. We do it not alone, Sir.

MEN. I know you can do very little alone—Oh that you would turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh that you could!

BRU. What then, Sir?

MEN. Why then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, *alias* fools, as any in Rome.

SIC. Menenius; you are known well enough too.

MEN. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop allaying Tiber in't: What I think, I utter, and spend my malice with my breath.

BRU. Come, Sir, come, we know you, well enough.

MEN.

MEN. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fossit-feller, and then adjourn a controversy of three-pence, to a second day of audience. You are a pair of strange ones.

BRU. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

MEN. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects, as you are; when you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcus is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus and Sicinius, *stand aside*.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler, whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

VOL. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcus approaches, for the love of Juno let's go.

MEN. Ha! Martius coming home!

VOL. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

MEN. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee—hoo, Marcius coming home!

VOL. Look, here's a letter from him, the State hath another, his wife another, and I think there's one at home for you.

MEN. I will make my very house reel, to-night: A letter for me!

VIR. Yes, certainly, there is a letter for you, I saw't.

MEN. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

VIR. Oh, no, no, no.

VOL. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

MEN. So do I too, if he be not too much; bring he a victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.

VOL. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

MEN. Hath he disciplin'd Aufidius, soundly?

VOL. Titus Lartius writes they fought together; but Aufidius got off.

MEN. And 'twas time for him, too, I'll warrant him that; if he had staid by him, I would not have been so *fidius'd*, for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possest of this?

VOL.

VOL. Yes, yes, yes : the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war : he hath in this action outdone his former deeds, doubly.

VAL. In truth there's wondrous things spoke of him.

MEN. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

VIR. The God's grant them true!

VAL. True? [*Sicinius and Brutus, come forward.*]

MEN. True? I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? God save their good worships! Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to be proud :—where is he wounded?

VAL. I'th' shoulder and 'th' left arm; he receiv'd, in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'th' body.

MEN. One i'th' neck, and one too i'th' thigh ; there's nine, that I know.

VOL. He had, before his last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

MEN. Now 'tis twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave.

VOL. He with his single arm subdu'd Corioli.
His sword, Death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot :
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries—
Where'er he went, before him fortune flew,
While victory upon his dreaded brow

Sat thron'd, and joyful clapp'd her silver wings—
 Three times mine eagle singled out Aufidius,
 And thrice the Volscians sunk beneath his thunder,
 Bending the knee, as 'twere in adoration,

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Hark ! hark !

These are the ushers of Marcius—before him
 He carries noise ; behind him he leaves tears.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Triumphal Arch.*

ORDER OF THE OVATION.

Two boys bearing incense.

An officer with the Roman Eagle.

Two boys bearing incense.

Six dancing virgins with baskets of flowers.

Four priests with Torches

Eight senators.

Two officers.

Four trumpets.

Six lictors with fasces.

Two standard bearers, with Pegasus and the Ram.

Six soldiers.

A standard bearer with Fame.

Two officers with Trophies.

An officer.

A Bier, laden with spoils, supported by four
 soldiers.

A captive

A captive General in chains
Four soldiers with spears,

The CHOIR, consisting of

Four boys,
Six virgins,
Eight men,

A standard bearer, with the small eagle,

Two fifes,

Two drums,

Six lictors with fasces,

Four officers with Trophies,

An officer,

A Bier, laden with spoils, supported by four
soldiers,

A captive General in chains,

Six soldiers,

Two officers,

Two officers, one with a Mural, the other with a
Civic Crown,

Two officers, one bearing a painting of the city of
Corioli ; the other, the word *Corioli*, on
banners.

Six virgins,

Four matrons,

Valeria,

Virgilia,

Volumnia,

Six lictors with fasces,

Cominius,

A bier,

Menenius,

Caius Marcius Coriolanus,

An officer with the Roman Eagle,

Two officers,

Six lictors with falces,

Eight officers with Trophies,

Six foldiers with swords and shields,

Twelve soldiers with spears.

[*Flourish and Shout.*]

MAR. No more of this, it does offend my heart ;
Pray now no more.

COM. Look, Sir, your mother.

MAR. Oh !

You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods,
For my prosperity. [Kneels.

VOL. Nay, my soldier, up :
My gentle Marcius, my worthy Caius,
By deed-atchieved honour newly nam'd,
What is it, Coriolanus, must I call thee !
But oh ! thy wife——

MAR. My gracious silence, hail !
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd
home,
That weep'st to see me triumph ? ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

VOL. I know not where to turn. O welcome
home ;
And welcome, general ! y'are welcome all.

MEN.

MEN. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,

And I could laugh ; I'm light and heavy ; welcome !

A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee ! You are three
That Rome should dote on : yet, by the faith of men,

We've some old crab-trees, here at home, that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome warriors !
We call a nettle, but a nettle ; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

COM. Ever right.

Give way there, and go on.

MAR. Your hand, and yours.
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them charge of honour.

VOL. I have lived,
To see inherited my very wishes,
And buildings of my fancy ; only one thing
Is wanting, which I doubt not but our Rome
Will cast upon thee.

MAR. Know, good mother, I
Had rather be their servants, in my way,
Than sway with them, in theirs.

COM. On, to the Capitol. [*A grand march.*

[*Exeunt in state, as before.*

SCENE III. *a Street.**Enter Brutus and Sicinius.*

BRU. The dumb men throng to see him, and the
 blind
 To hear him speak ; the matrons flung their
 gloves,
 Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
 Upon him, as he pass'd ; the nobles bended,
 As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
 It shower and thunder with their caps and shouts :
 I never saw the like ; such a pothor,
 As if that whatsoever God who leads him,
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

SIC. On the sudden,
 I warrant him consul.

BRU. Then our office may,
 During his power, go sleep.

SIC. He cannot temp'rately transport his ho-
 nours,
 From where he should begin and end, but will
 Lose those he'ath won.

BRU. In that there's comfort.
 I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for consul, never would he
 Appear i'th' market-place, nor on him put
 The napless vesture of humility,

Nor

Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

SIC. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

BRU. 'Tis most like he will.

SIC. It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;
A sure destruction.

Enter a Roman Officer.

BRU. What's the matter ?

OFFI. You're sent for to the Capitol : 'ts thought
That Marcius shall be consul :

BRU. Let's to the Capitol.

And carry with us ears for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

SIC. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Senate-house. Flourish.*

*The Patricians, Caius Marcius Coriolanus, Mene-
nius, Cominius, Sicinius, and Brutus.*

MEN. Having determin'd of the Volscians, it
remains,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire

{ The present consul, and last general,
{ To report

A little of that worthy work perform'd

By

By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom
 We meet here, both to thank, and to remember,
 With honours like himself.
 Worthy Cominius, speak.

[Marcius rises, and offers to go away.]

Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame to hear
 What you have nobly done,

MAR. Your honour's pardon :
 I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
 Than hear say how I got them.

MEN. Pray now, sit down.

MAR. I had rather have one scratch my head
 i'th' sun,

When the al'rum were struck, that idly sit
 To hear my nothings monster'd. *[Exit Marcius.]*

MEN. Masters of the people,
 Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
 When you see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
 Than one of's ears to hear't ? proceed, Cominius.

COM. I shall lack voice ; the deeds of Corio-
 lanus

Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
 That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
 Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
 The man I speak of cannot, in the world,
 Be singly counter-pois'd. At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others :
 And in the brunt of seventeen battles, since,
 He lurcht all swords o'th' garland. For this last,
 Before, and in Corioli, let me say

I cannot

{ I cannot speak him home;
 { Alone he enter'd

The mortal gate o'th' city: idleſs came off,
 And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtruck
 Corioli, like a planet. Nor's this all
 For by and by, the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready ſenſe, where ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
 Requicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual ſpoil; and till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
 To eaſe his breſt with panting

MEN. Worthy man!

COM. All our ſpoils he kick'd at,
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o'th' world: he covets leſs
 Than miſery itſelf would give, rewards
 His deeds with doing them, and is content
 To ſpend his time to ſpend it.

MEN. He's right noble,

Let him be call'd for.

[Exit Roman Officer.

COM. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus and a Roman Officer.

MEN. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
 To make thee Conſul.

MAR. I do owe them ſtill
 My life, and ſervices.

MEN. It then remains
 That you do ſpeak to th' people.

MAR.

MAR. I beseech you,
 Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
 Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
 For my wounds fake, to give their suffrage :
 Please you that I may pass this doing.

SIC. Sir, the people must have their voices,
 Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

MEN. Put them not to't: pray fit you to the
 custom.

And take t'ye, as your predecessors have,
 Your honour with the form.

MAR. It is a part
 That I shall blush in acting, and might well
 Be taken from the people.

BRU. Mark you that?

MAR. To brag unto them, thus I did, and
 thus,
 Shew them th' unaking scars, which I would
 hide,

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
 Of their breath only——

MEN. Do not stand upon't :——

We recommend t'ye, tribunes of the people,
 Our purpose. To them, and to our noble consul
 Wish we all joy and honour.

COM. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

Flourish. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *A Street.*

Enter Citizens

2. CIT. Once for all, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

1. CIT. We may, Sir, if we will.

2. CIT. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them: so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him of our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ungrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 CIT. Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour: we are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by one's, by two's, and by three's. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

ALL. Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Enter Marcius in a gown, with Menenius.

MEN. Oh Sir, you are not right; have you not known

The worthiest men have done't ?

MAR. What must I say ?

I Pray, Sir,——plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir,—my
wounds—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From noise of our own drums.

MEN. Oh me, the Gods!

You must not speak of that, you must desire them
To think upon you.

MAR. Think upon me ? hang 'em.
I would they would forget me,

MEN. You'll mar all.

I'll leave you : pray you speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manners. [*Exit.*]

Enter 1 and 2 Citizens.

MAR. So here come a brace :
You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 CIT. We do, Sir ; tell us what hath brought
you to't.

MAR. Mine own desert.

2 CIT. Your own desert?

MAR. Ay, not mine own desire ?

1 CIT. How, not your own desire?

MAR. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to
trouble the poor with begging.

1 CIT. You must think, if we give you any
thing, we hope to gain by you.

MAR.

MAR. Well then, I pray, your price o'th' consulship?

1 CIT. The price is, to ask it kindly.

MAR. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private: your good voice, Sir; what say you?

2 CIT. You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

MAR. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd: I have your alms, adieu.

1 CIT. But this is something odd.

2 CIT. An 'twere to give again:—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

MAR. Most sweet voices——

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve.
Here come more voices.

Enter the other Citizens.

Your voices—for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd: battles thrice six
I've seen and heard of:——your voices:
Indeed I would be consul.

3 CIT. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

4 CIT. Therefore let him be consul: the Gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the people!

ALL. Amen, amen. Save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt Citizens*]

MAR. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, Brutus, and Sicinius.

MEN. You've stood your limitation : and the
tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice : Remains,
That in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

MAR. Is this done ?

SIC. The custom of request you have dis-
charg'd :

The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

MAR. Where ? at the senate-house ?

SIC. There, Coriolanus.

MAR. May I then change these garments ?

SIC. Sir, you may.

MAR. That I'll straight do : and knowing my-
self again,

Repair to th' senate-house. [*Exit Mar.*]

MEN. I'll keep you company. Will you along ?

BRU. We stay here for the people.

SIC. Fare you well. [*Exit Men.*]

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at's heart.

BRU. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds : will you dismiss the people ?

Enter all the Citizens.

SIC. How now, my masters, have you chose
this man ?

2 CIT. He has our voices, Sir.

BRU.

BRU. We pray the Gods he may deserve your loves.

1 CIT. Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 CIT. Certainly he flouted us, downright

2 CIT. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

1 CIT. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says

He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us His marks of merit, wounds received for's country.

SIC. Why so he did, I am sure.

1 CIT. No man saw 'em.

He said he'd wounds which he could shew in private:

I would be consul, says he; aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices, therefore: when we granted that,

Here was—I thank you for your voices—thank you—

Your most sweet voices——now you have left your voices,

I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?

SIC. Why either were you ignorant to see't?
Or seeing it, of such childish friendliness,
To yield your voices?

BRU. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves, and do you think

40 CORIOLANUS; Or,

That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush?

SIC. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker; and now again,
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow'd
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 CIT. He's not confirm'd, we may
Deny him yet.

2 CIT. Ay, and we will deny him.

BRU. Get you hence instantly, and tell your
friends,

They've chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice,
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so,

SIC. Enforce his pride, and his old hate to you,
Say, you chose him more after our commandment,
Than guided by your own affections.

Lay the fault on us,

BRU. Ay, spare us not.

Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol,

ALL. We will; we will. Huzza! [Exeunt,

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Cominius, Marcius, and Menenius.

COM. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

MAR. So then the Volscians stand but as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make
inroad upon's again.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

MAR. Behold these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'th' common mouth; I do despise
them,

For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

SIC. Pass no further.

MAR. Hah!—what is that!—

BRU. It will be dangerous to go on—

MAR. What makes this change?

MEN. The matter?

COM. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the
commons?

BRU. Cominius, no.

MAR. Have I had children's voices?

MEN. Tribunes give way; he shall to th' mar-
ket-place.

BRU.

BRU. The people are incens'd against him.

MAR. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? what are your
offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

MEN. Be calm, be calm.

MAR. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility.

BRU. Call't not a plot;
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the suppliant for the people, call'd
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

MAR. Why, this was known before.

BRU. Not to them all.

MAR. Have you inform'd them, since?

BRU. How! I inform them!

MAR. Yes, you are like enough to do such
business,

BRU. Not unlike, either way, to better yours.

MAR. Why then should I be consul? by yon
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

MEN. Well, no more——

MAR. How!——no more!

As for my country, I have shed my blood,

Not

Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those measles
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
The very way to catch them.

BRU. You speak o'th' people, Sir, as if you
were

A God to punish, not as being a man
Of their infirmity.

SIC. 'Twere well we let
The people know't.

MEN. What, what! his choler?

MAR. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

SIC. It is a mind.

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

MAR. *Shall* remain?

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Shall!——

COM. Well—on to th' market-place.

MAR. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o'th' storehouse, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd,
Sometimes in Greece——

MEN. Well, well, no more of that.

MAR. I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

BRU. Shall th' people give
One that speaks thus, their voice?

SIC.

SIC. H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

MAR. Thou wretch ! despight o'erwhelm thee !
What should the people do with these bold
tribunes ?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, That must be law,
And throw their power i'th' dust.

BRU. Manifest treason——

SIC. This a consul ? no.

SIC. Go, call the people, in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator :
A foe to th' public weal.

Enter Citizens.

Obeys, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

[Advancing towards Marcius.]

MAR. Hence, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

BRU. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it ; we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'th' people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

SIC. Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from
thence
Into destruction cast him.

MAR.

The ROMAN MATRON. 45

MAR. No, I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*]

MEN. I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house,

I leave us to cure this case. For 'tis a fore

You cannot tent yourself; begone, 'beseech you.

COM. Come away.

MAR. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

[*Exeunt Marcius and Cominius.*]

MEN. You worthy tribunes——

SIC. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock;
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial.

I CIT. He shall well know the noble tribunes
are

The people's mouths, and we their hands:

ALL. He shall, be sure on't.

MEN. Sir, sir.

SIC. Peace.

MEN. Do not cry havock, where you should but
hunt

With modest warrant.

SIC. Sir, how comes it you
Have help to make this rescue?

MEN. Hear me speak;
As I do know the Consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults——

SIC. Consul!——what consul!

MEN. The consul Coriolanus.

BRU. He the consul!——

ALL. No, no, no, no, no,

46 CORIOLANUS; Or,

MEN. If by the tribunes leave, and yours, good people,

I may be heard, I crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

BRU. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of a catching nature,
Spread further.

MEN. One word more, hear me one word :
Proceed by process,
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

BRU. If 'twere so——

SIC. What do ye talk ?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?

MEN. Consider this ; he hath been bred i'th' wars,
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd
In bouited language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him,
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

SIC. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, meet on the forum ; we'll attend you
there,
Where if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

MEN. I'll go and bring him to you. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the House of Coriolanus.

Enter Marcius and Volumnia.

MAR. Let them pull all about mine ears, present
me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch'd
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

VOL. But hear me, Marcius.

MAR. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, (I talk of you)
[To his mother.

Why did you wish me milder? would you have
me

False to my nature? rather say, I play
Truly the man I am.

VOL. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

MAR. Why let it go——

VOL. You might have been enough the man
you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The thwartings of your disposition, if
You had not shew'd *them* how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

MAR. Let them hang.

VOL. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius.

MEN. Come, come, you've been too rough,
 something too rough :
 You must return and mend it.

VOL. Pray be counsell'd ;
 I have a heart as little apt as yours,
 But yet a brain that leads my use of anger,
 To better vantage.

MEN. Well said, noble woman :
 Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but that
 The violent fit o'th' times craves it as physick,
 For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,
 Which I can scarcely bear.

MAR. What must I do ?

MEN. Return to th' tribunes.

MAR. Well, what then ? what then ?

MEN. Repent what you have spoke.

MAR. For them ! I cannot do it for the Gods,
 Must I then do't to them !

VOL. You are not absolute,
 Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
 But when extremities speak. I've heard you say,
 Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
 I'th' war do grow together : grant that, and tell
 me,

In peace what each of them by th' other loses,
 That they combine not there ?

MAR. Tush !—tush !——

MEN.

MEN. A good demand.

MAR. Why force you this?

VOL. Because it lies on you to speak to th' people :

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour. I pr'ythee,
Now my son, go to them ; say to them,
Thou art their foldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use, as them to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thyself (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
As thou hast power and person.

MEN. This but done,
Ev'n as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours :
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

COM. I have been i'th' market-place, and, Sir,
'tis fit
You have strong party, or defend yourself,
By calmness, or by absence : all's in anger.

MEN. Only fair speech.

COM. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

VOL. He must and will :
Pr'ythee, now, say you will, and go about it.

MAR.

MAR. Must I go shew them my unbarbed
sconce?

Must my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single pelt to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind
it,

And throw't against the wind. To th' market-
place!

You've put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to th' life.

COM. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

VOL. Ay, pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou
hast said

My praises made thee first a foldier; so
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

MAR. Well, I must do't;

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit; my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch's, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd
knees,

Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

VOL. At thy choice, then :

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness : for I mock at death,
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou had'st it from
me ;

But own thy pride thyself.

MAR. Pray be content :

Mother, I'm going to the market-place :
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
belov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'th' way of flattery, further.

VOL. Do your will.

COM. Arm yourself

To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

MAR. The word is, mildly—pray you, let us
go—

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine own honour.

MEN. Ay—but mildly !

MAR. Well, mildly be it, then—mildly !

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Forum.*

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and all the Citizens.

BRU. Put him to choler streight; he hath been
us'd

Ever to conquer, and to have no word
Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which
works

With us to break his neck.

Enter Marcius, Menenius, and Cominius.

SIC. Well, here he comes.

MEN. Calmly I do beseech you.

MAR. The honour'd Gods

Keep Rome in safety; and the chairs of justice
Supply with worthy men; plant love amongst you;
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace;
And not our streets with war!

MEN. Amen! A noble wish.

SIC. Draw near, ye people.

MAR. Shall I be charg'd no further than this
present?

Must all determine here?

SIC. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content

To

To suffer lawful censure for such faults,
As shall be proved upon you.

MAR. I am content.

MEN. Lo; citizens; he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i'th' holy church-yard.

MAR. Scratches with briars——
What is the matter;
That being past for consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour,
You take it off again?

SIC. Answer to us.

MAR. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

SIC. We charge you, that you have contrived to
take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Your self unto a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

MAR. How? traitor?

MEN. Nay, temperately: your promise.

MAR. The fires i'th' lowest hell fold in the
people!

Call me their traitor! thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes fate twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the gods.

SIC. Mark you this, people?

ALL. To the rock with him.

Sic. Peace :

We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Deserves th' extremest death.

BRU. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome——

MAR. What do you prate of service ?

BRU. I talk of that, that know it.

MAR. You ?——

MEN. Is this the promise that you made your
mother ?

COM. Know, I pray you——

MAR. I'll know no further :

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger,
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To hav't with saying, *Good-morrow*.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time,
Envy'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power ; has now, at last,
Giv'n hostile strokes, and that not only in presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it ; in the name o'th' people,
And in the power of us, the tribunes, we
Banish him our city.

COM. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends——

BRU.

BRU. There's no more to be said, we banish him,

As enemy to the people and his country.
It shall be so.

ALL. It shall be so, it shall be so.

MAR. Ye common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,

As reek o'th' rotten fens; whose loves I prize,

As the dead carcases of unburied men,

That do corrupt my air; I banish you.

And here remain with your uncertainty!

Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts,

Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,

Fan you into despair! have the power still

To banish your defenders, 'till at length

Your ignorance deliver you,

As most abated captives, to some nation

That won you without blows! Despising then,

For you, the city, thus I turn my back;

There is a world elsewhere——

[*Exeunt.*]

[*The people shout.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in Aufidius' House in Antium.**Enter Aufidius and Volufius.*

VOLU. Whence is it, Tullus, that our arms are
stopt,

Here on the borders of the Roman state?
Why sleeps that spirit, whose heroic ardour
Urg'd you to break the truce, and pour'd our host,
From all th' united cantons of the Volscians,
On their unguarded frontier? Such designs
Brook not an hour's delay; their whole success
Depends on instant vigorous execution.

AUF. O, my Volufius! thou, who art a soldier,
A try'd and brave one too, say, in thy heart
Dost thou not scorn me? thou, who saw'st me
bend

Beneath the half-spent thunder of a foe,
Warm from the conquest of Corioli.

VOLU. True valour, Tullus,
Lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose;
Nor minds the blind award of giddy fortune.

AUF. My soul, my friend, my soul is all on fire!
Thirst of revenge consumes me! the revenge
Of generous emulation, not of hatred.

This happy Roman, this proud Marcius haunts
me.

Each troubled night, when slaves and captives
sleep,

Forgetful

Forgetful of their chains, I, in my dreams,
 Anew am vanquish'd ; and, beneath his sword
 With horror sinking, feel a ten-fold death,
 The death of honour. But I will redeem—
 Yes, Marcius, I will yet redeem my fame.
 To face thee once again is the great purpose
 For which alone I live.—Till then, how slow,
 How tedious lags the time ! while shame corrodes
 me,
 With many a bitter thought ; and injur'd honour,
 Sick and desponding, preys upon itself.
 Ha ! why this haste ? You look alarm'd.

Enter Volscian Officer.

OFF. My Lord,
 One of exalted port, his visage hid,
 Has plac'd himself beneath the statue of
 The mighty Mars, and there, majestic, stands
 In solemn silence.

AUF. Did you not ask him who, and what he
 was ?

OFF. My Lord, I could not speak ; I felt
 appall'd,
 As if the presence of some God had struck me.

AUF. Come, dastard, let me find this man of
 terrors.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Hall—with the Statue of Mars. Marcius, discovered as described above.

Enter Aufidius.

AUF. Illustrious stranger—for thy high demeanour

Bespeaks thee such—who art thou? what is thy name?

MAR. A name unmusical to Volscian ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.—Dost thou not know me?

AUF. Thy face
Bears a command in't: though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel; what's thy name?

MAR. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus.

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles,
Have whoop'd me out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth. If thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight

And

And make my misery serve thy turn : so use it ;
 For I will fight
 Against my canker'd country, with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more
 fortunes

Thou'rt tir'd ; then, in a word, I also am,
 Longer to live, most weary ; and present
 My throat to thee,
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

AUF. Oh, Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou'st spoke hath weeded from my
 heart

A root of ancient envy. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke
 And scar'd the moon with splinters : here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour.

MAR. You bless me, gods !

AUF. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt
 have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
 One half of my commission, and set down,

60 CORIOLANUS; Or,

As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own
ways;

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in,
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy :
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand ; most
welcome ! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Street in Rome.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

SIC. We hear not of him, neither need we
fear ; his remedies are tame :

BRU. We stood to't in good time. Is this Me-
nenius ?

SIC. 'Tis he, 'tis he : O, he is grown most kind
of late. Hail, Sir !

Enter Menenius.

MEN. Hail to you both !

SIC. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd, but
with his friends ; the commonwealth doth stand,
and would do, were he more angry at it.

MEN. All's well, and might have been much
better, could he have temporiz'd.

SIC. Where is he, hear you ?

MEN. Nay, I hear nothing :

His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

BRU.

BRU. There is a slave, whom we have put in
prison,
Reports the Volscians, with two several powers,
Are entred in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war,
Destroy what lies before 'em.

MEN. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for
Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Enter a Roman Officer.

OFF. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house; some news is come
That turns their countenances.

SIC. 'Tis this slave:
Go scourge him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising!
Nothing but his report!

OFF. Yes, worthy Sir,
The slave's report is seconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

SIC. What more fearful!

OFF. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcius
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome.

SIC. This is most likely!

BRU. Rais'd only, that the weaker fort may
with
Good Marcius home again.

SIC. The very trick on't.

MEN. This is unlikely.

He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrarieties. Let's to the senate-
house. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE IV. *A Wood.*

Enter Marcius, Aufidius, Volufius, *and Soldiers.*

MAR. No more—I merit not thy lavish praise,
True, we have driven the Roman legions back;
Defeated and disgrac'd—but what is done?
Nothing, ye Volces——

Come on, my brave companions of the war,
Come, let us finish, at one mighty stroke,
The toil of lab'ring fate—we will, or perish—
While, noble Tullus, you protect the camp,
I with my troops, all chosen men of valour,
And well approv'd, to-day will storm the city.

[*Trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter a Volscian Officer.

OFF. My Lord, a herald is arriv'd from Rome,
To say, a deputation from the senate,
Attended by the ministers of Heaven,
A venerable train of priests and flamens,
Is on the way, address'd to you,

MAR. To me!

What can this message mean!—stand to your arms,
Ye Volscian troops; and let these Romans pass
Betwixt the lowring frowns of double files.

What! do they think me such a milky boy,
To pay my vengeance with a few soft words?

Come,

Come, fellow soldiers, Tullus, come, and see
If I betray the honours you have done me.

[*Exit with a train of Volscian officers.*]

VOLU. Are we not, Tullus, failing in our duty,
Not to attend our general?

AUF. How! what said'st thou?

VOLU. Methought, my Lord, his parting orders
were,

We should attend the triumph now preparing
O'er all his foes at once—Romans and Volscians!
Come, we shall give offence.

AUF. (*Afide.*) His words are daggers to my
heart: I feel

Their truth, but am ashamed to own my folly.

VOLU. O shame! O infamy! the thought con-
fumes me.

To see a Roman

Borne on our shoulders to immortal fame:

Just in the happy moment that decided

The long dispute of ages, that for which

Our gen'rous ancestors had toil'd and bled,

To see him then step in and steal our glory!

O, that we first had perish'd all! a people

Who cannot find in their own proper force

Their own protection, are not worth the saving!

AUF. It must have way! I will no more suppress
it.—

Know, then, my valiant friend, no less than thee,
His conduct hurts me, and upbraids my folly,
I wake as from a dream. What dæmon mov'd
me:

What doating generosity, to exalt him
To the same level, nay above myself;
To yield him the command of half my troops!
That, that was madness,

Was weak, was mean, unworthy of a man!—
How shall I from this labyrinth escape?

Must it then be! what cruel genius dooms me,
In war or peace, to creep beneath his fortune?

VOLU. That genius is thyself. If thou canst bear
The very thought of stooping to this Roman,
Thou from that moment art his vassal, Tullus,
Ay, that thou dost acknowledge, parent nature
Has form'd him thy superior. But if fix'd
Upon the base of manly resolution,
Thou say'st—I will be free!—I will command!—
I and my country!—then—O, never doubt it—
We shall find means to crush this vain intruder;
Even I myself—this hand—nay, hear me, Tullus,
'Tis is not yet comè to that, that last resource.
I do not say we should employ the dagger,
While other, better means are in our power.

AUF. No, my Volusius, fortune will not drive
us,

Or I am much deceived, to that extreme:
We shall not want the strongest fairest plea,
To give a solemn sanction to his fate.
He will betray himself. Whate'er his rage
Of passion talks, a weakness for his country
Sticks in his soul, and he is still a Roman.
Soon shall we see him tempted to the brink
Of this fure precipice—then down, at once,

Without

Without remorse, we hurl him to perdition!

[*Trumpet.*

But hark, the trumpet calls us to a scene
I should detest, if not from hope we thence
May gather matter to mature our purpose.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Street in Rome.*

Enter Menenius, meeting Brutus and Sicinius.

MEN. Oh, you have made good work.

BRU. What news? what news?

SIC. Pray now the news?

MEN. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters.

SIC. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

MEN. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherd.
If he were putting to my house the brand
That would consume it, I have not the face
To say, *Beseech you, cease.* You've made fair
hands;
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Enter all the Citizens.

Here come the clusters—You are they
That made the air unwholsome, when you cast
Your

Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting, at
 Coriolanus's exile. Now he's coming,
 And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
 Which will not prove a whip : as many coxcombs
 As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
 And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
 If he should burn us all into one coal,
 We have deserv'd it.

3 CIT. For mine own part,
 When I said *banish him*, I said 'twas pity.

2 CIT. And so did I.

1 CIT. And so did I; and to say the truth, so
 did very many of us; that we did, we did for the
 best; and tho' we willingly consented to his ba-
 nishment, yet it was against our will.

MEN. Y'are goodly things; you voices!—
 You have made you good work,
 You and your cry.
 But here's Cominius, return'd from the deputation.

Enter Cominius, and four Senators.

Have you prevailed? Will he have mercy?
 Has Rome any hopes? How did he receive you?

COM. He would not seem to know me.

MEN. Do you hear?

COM. Yet one time he did call me by my name :
 I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
 That we have bled together. Coriolanus
 He would not answer to : forbad all names ;
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
 'Till he had forg'd himself a name, i'th' fire
 Of burning Rome.

MEN.

MEN. Why so; you've made good work :
A pair of tribunes, that have reck'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap : a noble memory !

COM. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon,
When it was least expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a state,
To one whom they had punish'd.

MEN. Very well, could he say less ?

COM. I offer'd to awaken his regard,
For's private friends. His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them, in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.

MEN. For one poor grain
Or two; I'm one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow, we're the grains;
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt, for you.

SIC. Nay, pray be patient; if you refuse your
aid,
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But sure if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good
tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

MEN. No: I'll not meddle.

SIC. Pray you go to him.

MEN. What should I do ?

BRU. Only make trial of what your love can do,
For Rome, tow'rds Marcius.

COM. He'll never hear him.

SIC. Not?

COM. I tell you, he does sit in gold; his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*: dismissed me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would
do,

He sent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, not yield to new conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unless his mother,
And wife, who (as I hear) mean to solicit him,
Force mercy to his country.

MEN. See you yon coin o'th' Capitol, yon corner
stone?

SIC. Why, what of that?

MEN. If it be possible for you to displace it,
with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies
of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with
him.

SIC. Is't possible that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man?

MEN. There is difference between a grub and a
butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub; this
Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has
wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

SIC. He lov'd his mother, dearly.

MEN. So did he me; and he no more remem-
bers his mother now, than an eight years old horse.

The

The tartness of his face fours ripe grapes. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor city find; and all this is long of you.

1 CIT. O doleful tidings!

2 CIT. O woeful day!

3 CIT. What will become of us?

1 CIT. Let us seize the two tribunes that did banish him, and throw them down the Tarpeian rock.

SIC. } O, good Menenius, save us, stand
BRU. } our friend.

MEN. Not I; they may hang, drown, burn, or break your worthless necks from the rock, 'tis all one to me. [Exit.

CITS. Away with them.

COM. Hear me, fellow citizens!
Suspend your anger till you hear
How the entreaties of his mother, wife,
And our most noble matrons, work upon him.
They yet may bring us peace.

CITS. We will.

COM. The Roman Gods prosper their embassy.
[Exeunt.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T. V.

SCENE I. *The Volscian Lines.*

Marcus, Aufidius, Volufius, Volfcian Officers with Files of Soldiers, and Standard-bearers on either Side difcovered. The Roman Ladies advance flowly betwixt the Files of Soldiers, with Volumnia, Virgilia, young Marcus, and Valeria, at their head, all clad in mourning.

MAR. Here, noble Tullus, fit, and judge my conduct,

Nor fpare to check me if I act amifs.

AUF. Marcus, the Volfcian fate is in thy hand.

MAR. My wife comes foremoft, then the honour'd mould,

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obftinate. [*Virgilia bends.*
What is that curt'fie worth? or thofe dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forfworn?

My mother bows, [*Volumnia bends.*

As if Olympus to a mole-hill fhould
In fupplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an afpect of interceffion, which

Great nature cries, *Deny not.* Let the Volfcians
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll ftand

As

As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

VIR. My lord and husband !

MAR. I melt, and am not of stronger earth than
others.

O, a kiss, long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
Now, by the jealous queen of heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it, e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world,
Leave unsaluted : sink my knee i'th' earth ;

[Kneels.

Of *thy* deep duty more impression shew,
Than that of common sons.

VOL. Thou art my warrior,
Do you know this lady ? [Pointing to Valeria.

MAR. The noble sister of Poplicola :
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

VOL. This is a poor epitome of yours,

[Shewing young Marcius.

Which by th' interpretation of full time,
May shew like all yourself.

MAR. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i'th' wars,
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

VOL. Your knee, firrah.

MAR. That's my brave boy.

VOL. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

MAR. I beseech you, peace :
Or if you'd ask, remember this, before ;
The thing I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks. Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not
T' allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

VOL. Oh, no more : no more :
You've said you will not grant us any thing :
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already : yet we will ask,
That if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness ; therefore, hear us.

MAR. Afidius, and you Volscians, mark ; for
we'll
Hear nought from Rome, in private.—Your
request ?

VOL. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women,
Are we come hither. For either thou
Must as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets, or else,
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood.

MAR.

MAR. I've fat, too long.

VOL. Nay, go not from us thus :
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscians whom you serve, you might condemn
us,

As poisoners of your honour. No ; our suit
Is that you reconcile them : while the Volscians
May say, *This mercy we have shew'd* ; the Romans,
This we receiv'd ; and each on either side,
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest*,
For making up this peace.

MAR. Those walls contain the most corrupt of
men,

A base seditious herd : who trample order,
Distinction, justice, laws, beneath their feet ;
Insolent foes to worth, the foes of virtue.

VOL. Daughter, speak you ;
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy ;
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more,
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world,
More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i'th' stocks. Thou'lt never, in thy life,
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesie ;
When she (poor hen) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour.

AUF. See, see, Volusius, how the strong emotions
Of powerful nature shake his inmost soul !
See how they tear him.—If he long resist them,
He is a god, or something worse than man !

VOL. He turns away :

Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.

Nay, behold us,

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,

But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,

Does reason our petition with more strength,

Than thou hast to deny't.

Yet give us our dispatch :

I'm hush't, until our city be afire,

And then I'll speak a little.

VIR. Since, Coriolanus, thou dost still retain,

In spite of all thy mother now has pleaded,

Thy dreadful purpose, ah ! how much in vain

Were it for me to join my supplications !

The voice of thy Virgilia, once so pleasing,

How shall it hope to touch the husband's heart,

When proof against the tears of such a parent ?

But I must weep—O permit me,

To shed my gushing tears upon thy hand,

And take my last farewell !

MAR. Leave me.

VIR. I obey.—How bitter thus to part !

Upon such terms to part ! perhaps for ever !

But tell me ere I hence unroot my feet,

When to my lonely home I shall return—

MAR. Come, and compleat my happiness at

Antium,

You and my honoured mother—

There shall you see with what respect the Volces

Will treat the wife and mother of their general.

VOL.

VOL. Treat us thyself with more respect, my son;

Nor dare to shock our ears with such proposals.
Shall we desert our country, we, who come
To plead her cause?—Ah, no—A grave in Rome
Would better please me, than a throne at Antium.

MAR. Cease, cease, to torture me——
You only tear my heart, but cannot shake it.
By the immortal Gods——

VIR. Oh! vow not our destruction!

[Falling on her knees.]

VOL. Daughter, rise;
Let us no more before the Volscian people
Expose ourselves a spectacle of shame.
Hear me, proud man! I have
A heart as stout as thine. I came not hither,
To be sent back rejected, baffled, sham'd,
Hateful to Rome, because I am thy mother:
A Roman matron knows, in such extremes,
What part to take.
Go! barbarous son! go! double parricide
Rush o'er my corse to thy belov'd revenge!
Tread on the bleeding breast of her, to whom
Thou ow'st thy life.—Lo! thy first victim.

[Drawing a dagger.]

MAR. *(Seizing her hand.)* Ha! what mean'st thou?

VOL. To die, while Rome is free.

MAR. Set not thus
My treacherous heart in arms against my reason.
Here, here! thy dagger will be well employed;—
Pity

Pity me, generous Volscians!—You are men—
Must it then be?—My stifled words refuse
A passage to the throes that wring my heart.

VOL. Nay, if thou yieldest, yield like Coriolanus;
And what thou do'st, do nobly!

MAR. Here! 'tis done!
Thine is the triumph, Nature!—Ah, Volumnia!
Rome by thy aid is sav'd—but thy son lost.

VOL. He never can be lost, who saves his
country.

MAR. Ye matrons, guardians of the Roman
safety,
We grant the truce you ask,
Volscians we raise the siege.

[*Marcus turns to the Roman ladies, who retire
in the order they entered.*]

AUF. 'Tis as we wish'd, Volusius——
But mark me well—one offer more
My honour bids me make to this proud man.
If he rejects it,
His blood be on his head.

VOL. Well! I obey you.

MAR. I plainly, Tullus, by your looks discern
You disapprove my conduct.

AUF. I mean not to assail thee with the clamour
Of loud reproaches, and the war of words;
But, pride apart, and all that can pervert
The light of steady reason, here to make
A candid fair proposal.

MAR. Speak, I hear thee.

AUF.

AUF. I need not tell thee that I have perform'd
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected;
Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish:
Thy wounded pride is heal'd, thy dear revenge
Completely fated; and, to crown thy fortune,
At the same time, thy peace with Rome restor'd.
Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman.
Return, return; thy duty calls upon thee,
Still to protect the city thou hast sav'd:
It still may be in danger from our arms.

Retire: I will take care thou may'st with safety.

MAR. With safety!—Heav'ns!—And think'st
thou, Coriolanus
Will stoop to thee for safety?—No! my safe-
guard

Is in myself, a bosom void of blame.—

O 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness,
To seize the very time my hands are fetter'd,
By the strong chain of former obligations,
The safe sure moment to insult me. Gods!
Were I now free, as on that day I was
When at Corioli I tam'd thy pride,
This had not been.

AUF. Thou speak'st the truth: it had not.
O for that time again! propitious gods,
If you will bless me, grant it!—Know, for that,
For that dear purpose, I have now propos'd
Thou should'st return. I pray thee, Marcius, do
it!

And we shall meet again on nobler terms.

L

MAR.

MAR. Till I have clear'd my honour in your council,

And prov'd before them all, to thy confusion,
The falsehood of thy charge; as soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
As quit the station they have here assign'd me.

AUF. Thou can'st not hope acquittal from the
Volsicians.

MAR. I do :—Nay more, expect their appro-
bation,

Their thanks ! I will obtain them such a peace
As thou durst never ask ; a perfect union
Of their whole nation with imperial Rome,
In all her privileges, all her rights.
By the just Gods, I will ! What would'st thou
more ?

AUF. What would I more ! proud Roman ; this
I would,
Fire the curst forest where these Roman wolves
Haunt and infest their nobler neighbours round
them ;

Extirpate from the bosom of this land,
A false perfidious people, who, beneath
The mask of freedom, are a combination
Against the liberty of human kind.

MAR. The seeds of Gods !
Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
There is more virtue in one single year
Of Roman story, than your Volsician annals
Can boast, thro' all your creeping dark duration !

AUF.

AUF. I thank thy rage. This full displays the traitor.

MAR. Traitor!—how now!—

AUF. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

MAR. Marcius!

AUF. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; dost thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name Coriolanus, in Corioli?

You lords, and head o'th' state, perfidiously

He has betray'd your business, and given up,

For certain drops of salt, your city Rome;

I say *your* city, to his wife and mother;

Breaking his oath and resolution, like

A twist of rotten silk, never admitting

Counsel o'th' war; but at his nurse's tears,

He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,

That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart,

Look'd wond'ring each at other.

MAR. Hear'st thou, Mars?

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

MAR. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart Too great for what contains it. Boy?

Cut me to pieces, Volscians,

Stain all your edges in me. Boy?

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,

That like an eagle in a dove-coat, I

Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli,

Alone I did it. Boy?—But let us part,

Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed

My cooler thought forbids,

AUF.

AUF. I court

The worst thy sword can do; whilst thou from me
Hast nothing to expect, but sore destruction.

Quit then this hostile camp. Once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.

MAR. O that I had thee,

With six Aufidius's, or more; thy tribe;

To use my lawful sword——

VOLU. Insolent villain!

[Volscian officers draw, and kill Marcius.]

AUF. My lords, when you shall know the great
danger

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver

Myself your loyal servant, or endure

Your heaviest censure.

My rage is gone, and I am struck

With sorrow. Bear from hence his body.

Let him be regarded;

As the most noble corse, that ever herald

Did follow to his urn.

Beat, beat the drum that it speak mournfully:

Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,

Which to this hour bewail the injury;

Yet he shall have a noble memory.

A dead march. The Curtain drops slowly.

End of the play.

THE END.





